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11-14-2010

## Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Senior Voice Recital

Greg Gallagher  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
GREG GALLAGHER  
TENOR

STEPHEN ESTEP  
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2010  
4 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

- AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE, Op. 98 ..... Ludwig van Beethoven  
    *Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend* (1770-1827)  
    *Wo die Berge so blau*  
        *Leichte Segler in den Höhen*  
        *Diese Wolken in den Höhen*  
        *Es kehret der Maien*  
        *Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder*

### II

- POÈME D'UN JOUR, Op. 21, No. 1-3 ..... Gabriel Fauré  
    *Rencontre* (1845-1924)  
    *Toujours!*  
    *Adieu*

- Notre amour*, Op. 23, No. 2 ..... Gabriel Fauré

### III

- Separazione* ..... Giovanni Sgambati  
    (1841-1914)

- M'ama...non m'ama...* ..... Pietro Mascagni  
    *Scherzo* (1863-1945)

- Core 'ngrato* ..... Salvatore Cardillo  
    (1874-1947)

## INTERMISSION

### IV

- ON WENLOCK EDGE ..... Ralph Vaughan Williams  
    *On Wenlock Edge* (1872-1958)  
    *From Far, From Eve and Morning*  
    *Is My Team Ploughing*  
    *Oh, When I Was In Love With You*  
    *Bredon Hill*  
    *Clun*

Assisted by Samantha Grelen, Violin I; Julia Hodecker, Violin II;  
Jonothan Storch, Viola; and Audrey Hebson, Cello

## TRANSLATIONS

*Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend*

On the hill sit I, peering into the blue,  
hazy land, toward the far away  
pastures where I you, beloved,  
found.

Far am I, from you, parted,  
separating us are hill and valley  
between us and our peace, our  
happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see, that to  
you so ardently rushes, and the sighs,  
they blow away in the space that  
separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to  
reach you, nothing be messenger of  
love? I will sing, sing songs, that to  
you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes  
every space and every time, and a  
loving heart reaches, what a loving  
heart has consecrated!

*Wo die Berge so blau*

Where the mountains so blue out of  
the foggy gray look down, where the  
sun dies, where the cloud encircles, I  
wish I were there!

There is the restful valley stilled are  
suffering and sorrow where in the  
rock quietly the primrose meditates,  
blows so lightly the wind, I wish I  
were there!

There to the thoughtful wood the  
power of love pushes me, inward

sorrow, ah! This moves me not from  
here, could I, dear, by you eternally  
be!

*Leichte Segler in den Höhen*

Light veils in the heights and you, little  
brook, small and narrow, should my  
love spot you, greet her, from me,  
many thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,  
meditating in the quiet valley, let my  
image stand before her in the airy  
heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands, now  
that autumn is faded and leafless,  
lament to her, what has happened to  
me, lament to her, little birds, my  
suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind to my  
heart's chosen one my sighs, that pass  
as the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,  
let her, little brook, small and narrow,  
truly, in your waves see my tears  
without number!

*Diese Wolken in den Höhen*

These clouds in the heights, these  
birds gaily passing, will see you, my  
beloved. Take me with you on your  
light flight!

These west winds will play joking with  
you about your cheek and breast, in  
the silky curls will dig. I share with you  
this pleasure!

There to you from this hill busily, the  
little brook hurries. If your image is  
reflected in it, flow back without  
delay!

*Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au*  
May returns, the meadow blooms,  
the breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly, chattering, the brooks now  
run.

The swallow, that returns to her  
hospitable roof, she builds, so busily,  
her bridal chamber, love must dwell  
there.

She brings, so busily, from all  
directions, many soft pieces for the  
bridal bed, many warm pieces for the  
little ones.

Now live the couple together so  
faithfully, what winter has separated  
is united by May, what loves, that he  
knows how to unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,  
the breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly, only I cannot go away from  
here.

When all that loves, the spring  
unites, only to our love no spring  
appears, and tears are our only  
consolation.

*Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder*

Take, then, these songs, that I to you,  
beloved, sang, sing them again in the  
evenings to the sweet sounds of the  
lute!

When the red twilight then moves  
toward the calm, blue lake, and the  
last ray dies behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung, what  
I, from my full heart, artlessly have  
sounded, only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields, what  
separates us so far, and a loving heart  
reaches for what a loving heart has  
consecrated.

*Rencontre*

I was sad and pensive when I met you,  
I sense less today my persistent  
torment; tell me, were you the girl I  
met by chance the ideal dream I have  
vainly sought? A passer-by with gentle  
eyes, were you the friend who  
brought happiness to a lonely poet,  
and did you shine upon my vacant  
heart like the native sky on an exiled  
spirit? Your shy sadness, so like my  
own, loves to watch the sun set over  
the sea! Your delight is awakened  
before its immensity, and the evenings  
spent with your lovely soul are dear to  
me. A mysterious and gentle  
sympathy already binds me to you like  
a living bond; my soul trembles with  
overpowering love, and my heart  
cherishes you, knowing you hardly at  
all...

*Toujours!*

You ask me to be quiet, to flee from  
you forever to a distant place, and to  
depart alone without thinking of the  
one whom I love! You might more  
easily ask the stars to fall from the sky,  
or the night to lift its veils, or the day  
to rid itself of its brightness! Ask the

immense ocean to dry up its vast waters, and, when the winds are raging dementedly, ask them to calm their dismal sobbing! But do not hope that my soul can uproot its sorrow and douse its flame as the springtime can shed its flowers!

#### *Adieu*

Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose, the fresh multi-colored cloaks [of flowers] on the meadows. Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke. One sees in this frivolous world, change. Quicker than the waves on the beach, our dreams, quicker than frost on the flowers, our hearts. One believes oneself faithful to you, cruel, but alas! The longest of love affairs are short! And I say on quitting your charms, without tears, close to the moment of my avowal, farewell.

#### *Notre amour*

Our love is something light like the perfumes which the breeze brings from the tips of ferns for us to inhale as we dream. Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting like the morning's songs in which regrets are not heard but uncertain hopes vibrate. Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred like the forests' mysteries in which an

unknown soul quivers and silences have voices. Our love is something sacred! Our love is something infinite like the paths of the evening, where the ocean, joined with the sky, falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal like all that has been touched by the fiery wing of a victorious god, like all that comes from the heart. Our love is something eternal!

#### *Separazione*

Full of sadness this parting; ah, how so hard to leave thee! Oh, how sore is the pain, the sorrow, it gives me!

#### *M'ama...non m'ama...*

She loves me... she loves me not! Pick the petals any way I like, she loves me... she loves me not! Ah, she doesn't love me! What do the petals tell me of love? That I am not loved? Come on, try again. Surely there's a petal missing from this flower!

#### *Core 'ngrato*

Catari, Catari, why do you tell me only words of bitterness, why only things that torment me Catari? Don't forget that once I gave you my heart, Catari, don't forget! Catari, Catari, why do you say these things that make me suffer? You never think of my pain, you never think if it, you don't care. Ungrateful heart, you wrenched my life from me and now it's all over, you no longer think of me!

Greg is a student of Taylor Ferranti and Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is present in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

*No flash photography, please.*

*Please turn off all cell phones.*

